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Spirit of the Age

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Choice Literature.

From the New-York Organ.

LAURA MAITLAND.

BY MRS. SANBURY.

(CONCLUDED.)

The broad arch of the sky had assumed a deeper blue, and the bland air and soft sunshine of Spring gladdened the earth, when Mrs. Leigh and her daughter and son took up their abode in the minister's house in the pleasant village of B—. The invalids slowly but surely improved in that atmosphere of love, where ministering spirits hovered round them continually in the performance of sweet offices of affection.

The Spring months passed, and June's sweet roses were blooming and clustering in variegated beauty all about the lovely parsonage. Daily, when the weather permitted, Laura would lead her mother and little brother abroad to inhale the fragrant air, and as often as they felt inclined to take a drive, a neat and comfortable carriage was at their service. With tears of shame and penitence, Mrs. Leigh often reverted to her former selfish and prodigal course, and told her daughter she was fully convinced that her greater happiness was to be found in the retirement and sweet duties of home. 'Oh, if my poor husband would return,' she would say, 'I could now be happy with him and my precious children.'

And where was Herbert Leigh all this while? On the night he left his child, dying as he reasonably supposed, he flew to the house of Mr. Ellis, and fortunately found that gentleman at home.

'Ellis,' he said, 'you have acted the part of a true friend towards me, and I have come to beg one more proof of your kindness. Lend me a few hundred dollars. You shall receive it back in a few years, if my life is spared, if it is not, you will have the satisfaction of reflecting that through your means a desperate wretch was saved from suicide, perhaps.'

Ellis understood the true nature of the man before him better, it may be, than any other person, and, without a question, he said—

'You shall have it Leigh, and may God bless you in the right use of it.' When he handed Herbert the money, the latter called for pen and paper.

'Your word is sufficient,' said Ellis.

'But insist on having ink and paper,' returned Leigh.

It was brought, and Leigh drew and signed a note for the amount requested; then, laying it on the table, he said to Ellis:

'Now I wish you to write a pledge, a temperance pledge, and I will sign that also.'

With moistened eyes, and heart throbbing with hope and joy, Ellis looked on while his fallen friend, with a bold, firm hand placed his name beneath the temperance pledge.

'There,' said Leigh, placing the two papers together. 'Keep them safe, and see if they are not both redeemed. See to my poor, afflicted family, Ellis, in my absence, he added, and then with a fervent pressure of hands, the two friends parted.

Next morning the bright sun shone on a stately vessel gliding out of port, and bound for the new Eldorado of the West. The broad decks were closely freighted with a living, breathing, moving mass that swayed to and fro to catch the last glimpse of waving hands, and hear the latest echo of farewells shouted on shore. Apart from the crowd of adventurers, with his arms folded over his breast, and a look of stern resolve on his countenance, stood Herbert Leigh, gazing back on the smoking, teeming city he was leaving.

CHAPTER X.

Where was Lindley Morrison, the noble lover and savior of Laura's life, through her dark days of sorrow and tribulation? Had he basely proved as feeble as fortune and a selfish world? No. He loved her still with fervent and undying affection—an affection deepened and hallowed by his knowledge of her self-sacrificing spirit.

But marriage was a thing not to be spoken of yet. They were both young, and Lindley had a name and fame to acquire, and Laura duties she could not, and would not forsake. But now the brighter days had come they met frequently, and found unalloyed pleasure in each other's society. And they looked forward with hope to that day when no obstacle would stand in the way to hinder the full completion of their joy.

Laura and her mother were sitting together one day at the parsonage, when the former said—

'Mother, you have spoken to me of a sister of my deceased father's. Do you know where she is?'

'No, my dear, I do not. I never saw her. She married sometime before your father did, and removed to the West with her husband, who I think, went as a missionary.'

'Did you never hear her husband's name?'

'I did not. Your father, I regret to say, never spoke of her, because he was displeased with the connection she formed. Her tastes and inclinations were, doubtless, different from his, and her mode of life less worldly. I imagine no correspondence was kept up, and they lost sight of each other.'

'Would you love this aunt of mine, mamma, if you should meet her?'

'I trust, my dear child, that I feel kindness and good will towards every one now, but would it be possible for me to know your aunt, and I should find her to resemble my daughter, or any of the dear friends about me now, I am sure I should love her fervently.'

'Dear mother,' said Laura, throwing her arms around her parent's neck, 'I have discovered that this aunt is within our reach, and that she is worthy of our highest love and esteem. Shall we go to see her?'

'Yes, my child, I will gladly go, but

where is she to be found? How have you made this discovery?'

Laura drew the arm of her mother within her own, and led her to another room, just then occupied by Mrs. Ware and her two youngest daughters. Mrs. Ware raised her sweet, mild face, and welcomed with a smile, her guests, but on a motion from Laura, she rose and approached the two.

'This is my loving and well-beloved aunt, dear mother, and you love her already, do you not?' said Laura, her frame trembling with excitement, and her eyes overflowing with tears of joy. The scene which followed cannot be justly described. Mrs. Leigh sank, nearly fainting in the embrace of her new found sister, and the two lovely girls clung to Laura, caressing her as if they too, had just discovered a cousin, although two years had passed since they first learned their relationship to her.

'Oh, why have I been kept in ignorance of our affinity?' asked Mrs. Leigh, as soon as her emotions would permit her to speak.

'Since we have first met, my sister, your physical state has been such as to render you unfit to bear any excitement,' Mrs. Ware replied.

'And previous to that I was morally unfit to associate with you and yours,' returned the other, bursting into tears.

'Do remember, dear Margaret,' said Mrs. Ware, soothingly, 'My position in life is so much more humble than yours has been, that it was natural, since we had never met in the lifetime of my brother, that I should feel a delicacy about introducing myself to you on our return from the West, after that brother's death. You have been with us long enough to know that the principles of our religion teach us love and good will to all.'

'Forgive my hasty words. I am a novice in your school of charity and meekness, yet I hope by patience and faith to imitate the examples I see around me, to prove myself grateful for your angelic kindness to me and mine. But how did you discover Laura to be your niece?'

'My oldest daughter was Laura's earliest friend and confidant at school, and she was at first, struck with the name. On making a few inquiries of Mrs. Loring, who is distantly related to Mr. Ware, and also by marriage to Herbert Leigh, she was almost convinced that the little girl she loved so well was her relation. And when she saw a miniature of my brother, which Laura wore, and compared it with one she had seen in my possession, she no longer doubted. Isabel kept silence, however, until she saw me, and I, fearing to be deprived altogether of the society of the only child of my brother, left my daughter in ignorance of my relationship to her until she had further advanced in years.'

'You acted wisely,' returned Mrs. Leigh, 'and I confess, with shame and sorrow, that I should have been prompted, in my days of worldliness, to keep Laura from you, had this discovery been made to me then; and thus I should have deprived myself of the great benefit and pleasure I have derived from my acquaintance with you and your interesting family. How much happiness is lost, how many tears are shed, and hearts wounded and separated by vanity and worldly pride,' she added, with a deep sigh.

'Your remark is just, dear Margaret,' said Mrs. Ware, 'yet our Heavenly Father, in His own good time and way, brings to pass all the purposes of His will.'

From that time a sweeter intimacy, and a closer union of hearts existed between those who now composed the minister's household. Gladly would Mr. Ware and his wife have retained their guests. Laura was very dear to them and seemed almost to fill the place of gentle Anna who had gone up from their sight. Little Walter was a quiet, lovely child, and had endeared himself to all their hearts, and Mrs. Leigh was an object of deep and tender solicitude. But as the health of the invalids improved, Laura felt a growing desire to be more independent.

The village was rapidly increasing in population in consequence of the extension of a railroad which now passed through it, and Laura saw an opportunity to render profitable her talents and thorough education. A pretty little house was hired, and she placed her mother and little Walter in it, and commenced giving instructions in music, and the higher branches of education.

While visiting her friends at the seminary, she walked over to see the widow whose children she had formerly taught, and when she asked for her eldest born, an intelligent girl of fourteen, Mrs. Ray gladly consented to let her go, and Ellen joyfully went to serve the young lady who had rendered her services. And now the little family were calm and cheerful, and happy in the performance of duty, in the sweet ties of natural affection, and in the pleasant intercourse of true friends on earth, and therefore dear.

Mr. Ellis occasionally took himself from the cares of business, to spend a day with the family of his early friend, and his visits always left them more cheerful, and more full of hope. He gave them no positive information respecting the absent husband and father, but he related over and over the particulars of his last interview with Herbert, and continued to express his confident belief that the pledge would be fully and faithfully kept.

Now that Margaret Leigh could see the follies and errors of her own past life, she remembered with sorrow and regret her harshness and injustice to her husband, and the sorrow was heightened by her knowledge of his contrition, and of the sufferings he had endured, and was perhaps, still enduring. She felt she could gladly give up again all she had ever possessed of worldly consequence, to bring about reconciliation. Her early fancy had been captivated by the handsome and brilliant Herbert Leigh, but now, from the crushed and mouldering ruins of her vanity and pride, a more and chastened affection was springing up for the absent wanderer, whose cumbering qualities only

were recalled. Neither was she insensible to the fact that he had, more than herself, acted the true part of a parent toward her children, and particularly toward the daughter whom she now appreciated and loved most fully.

They had been two years in their neat little home, and Laura's success in teaching had enabled her to adorn it with many luxuries not at first possessed. Ellen Ray was still with them and proved a most efficient help. She was fond of books, and was allowed much leisure for the improvement of her mind, and was growing up into fair and promising womanhood. Mrs. Leigh though not physically robust, had initiated herself in all the mysteries of housekeeping, and these duties tended to promote her happiness, and save her from becoming a prey to anxiety and remorse. From the seclusion in which she and her daughter lived, the villagers, in general, not able to make allowance for peculiar circumstances, were at first inclined to regard them as haughty and arrogant; but as time passed on, the daughter grew to be universally esteemed and beloved, and they learned to respect the veil of sadness thrown around the sacred sorrow of the mother.

One day little Walter was playing amid the flowers and shrubbery which adorned the little yard in front of their pleasant home. He loved the flowers and was permitted to gather them at will; and now he stood there with a cluster in each small hand and a circle of roses twisted the band of his light straw hat, which was now thrown back, revealing a lofty and intelligent brow, beneath which a pair of soft hazel eyes were smiling. Exercise had tinged with a delicate red the cheeks now round and full, and so much had he grown and changed in appearance, that he bore very little resemblance to the pale, puny boy of a few years ago. A man in coarse garments, and a hat slouched over his sun-burnt face, paused before the gate, and stood a few seconds, as if contemplating that vision of beauty and innocence, then he addressed the boy, asking—

'Can you tell me, little one, where Mrs. Leigh lives?'

'In this house, sir,' was the answer, and ere Walter could reach the door, the stranger had passed him, and entered the house, without the formality of knocking. Margaret Leigh sat alone in her pleasant back room engaged in the true womanly employment of sewing. The doors were all open to admit the air, and as the stranger stood a brief second at the entrance, he saw a bright tear drop roll over her pale, but still beautiful face, and fall upon her work. He flung aside his hat, sprang forward and knelt at her side with the single word, 'Margaret,' breaking from his lips. With a wild cry of gladness and surprise, the chastened woman fell forward in the open arms of her husband. For some minutes no word was spoken, and when at length, Herbert asked in a choking voice—

'Do you really and truly forgive me, Margaret? the reply replied from the depths of her purified spirit,

'Yes, Herbert, and most humbly do I ask your forgiveness.' It was the most truly happy moment of their lives. A deep and startling cry was heard, and on looking round the parents saw that Walter had flung himself on the carpet amidst his scattered flowers.

'Come here, my love, and tell me what is the matter,' said Mrs. Leigh. The child obeyed, and in broken accents he murmured—

'My papa don't speak to me. He has come back, and he don't notice Walter.'

All the blood receded from the face of Herbert Leigh, and as quickly rushed back again as he looked wildly from his wife to his child. As a conviction of the reality entered his mind, he caught the boy, with a sudden cry of joy to his breast and held him there while overpowering emotions shook his manly frame. As soon as the sunshine of joyous smiles flashed through the rain that watered the eyes of parents and child, the still agitated father said,

'Margaret, this is a happiness I knew not of, dreamed not of. Ever since the day of my departure from my native city, I have supposed my child

—to be a thing
O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wing.
I have seen my old and faithful friend Ellis, since my return, but, although he told me you awaited me, he hinted not of this sweet surprise.'

At this moment Laura, unconscious of the scene just going on, entered the apartment. Herbert arose almost with an air of deference, and approached that young girl, glorious in her transcendent beauty, glorious in his view on account of the noble part he had acted in her brief day. Laura started on recognizing her step-father, then, following the impulse of her heart, she sprang to his embrace, and received his pure, fatherly kiss upon her cheek.

It seemed now that their joy was complete, but Leigh had other happiness in store for those to whom he had returned. No one asked of his success, or noticed his homely dress, and it was evident his safe return was all his wife cared to be assured of. But in the evening when his baggage arrived, he unpacked and bestowed on Laura many beautiful and costly gifts, and he laid in Margaret's lap a bag of gold which he found a burden to remove.

'Herbert,' she said, tearfully, 'I have found that riches which cannot take to themselves wings and fly away! So long as you, and my children are spared to me, and I can merit your love, I ask no other earthly treasure.'

'And I trust, Margaret,' said Leigh, 'I also have obtained this riches. Had I depended on my own strength, I doubt if I ever should have overcome my old habits, and conquered propensities so long indulged in.'

A new altar was dedicated to holiness that night, and as the reunited members of the little family met around it, no visions of sorrow, or earthly grandeur came to disturb their nobler aspirations. Yet Herbert

Leigh did not despise the gold. He knew it could be used to gratify pure and ennobling tastes as well as low and degrading, and he valued it now as a means of bestowing happiness on others, and he resolved to scatter blessings in his path as he had once felt misery and sorrow.

From his accumulated pile, he laid aside a snug fortune to be presented as a wedding gift to Laura. For himself and the remaining members of his family, he purchased a few acres of beautifully situated land on the borders of the village, and erected thereon a neat and tasteful mansion. Here—

'Far from the meddling crowd's ignoble strife' he resolved to spend the remainder of his days, dividing his time with peaceful agricultural pursuits, his family, his books, and a few choice friends.

Less than a year after Herbert's return, Laura stood in her bridal robes. The brilliant Lucy Ware laid aside her mourning garb to act as bridesmaid for her cousin, and an eminent young physician of the village—whom reports said was to be Lucy's future husband—was her partner on the occasion. Laura assembled all her choice and valued friends to witness her happy union with the noble and gifted Lindley Morrison, who was rapidly rising to fame in his native town and State. Mrs. Leigh joyfully, though not without tears, gave her dear daughter into the keeping of the man she knew every way worthy of her esteem and love.

A single vague fear damped the spirits of the happy bride about to depart for her new home. She noticed that her step-father, as he became more and more surrounded by the amenities of social life, recalled all the sparkling wit and agreeable fascination of manner that had greatly contributed to his early fall, and she trembled for his resolution and for the happiness of the dear ones she was leaving. She did not speak her thoughts, but when she gave Herbert her hand at parting, he interpreted her earnest and anxious look. Bowing his head before her, he said—

'Laura you fear for me, and I am not surprised that you do. You remember the day when you first held my precious boy in your arms, and how, while you bent over him so rapturously, I charged you to be kind to him whatever should betide. Then I was gradually sinking downward, and I made no effort to avert my fall. And even after I was aroused to a sense of my responsibility, trusting in my own strength, I stumbled on, and might have stumbled over broken resolutions, to the end of my days, had not your sweet forgiving spirit, and your example of self-sacrificing devotion pointed me to a source of strength which, sought aright, is never sought in vain. I have forgiven my soul the passage—'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall,' and with this warning within me, and with a growing hope of joys above, may I not safely yield to the joy springing from the pure earthly sources which God made you the instrument of reserving for me?'

Laura was satisfied, and amid the rich blessings called down on her head, she followed the lover of her youth. Now the society of the happy pair is sought by all the choice spirits in the vicinity of their abode. The lovely Isabel is the wife of Mrs. Loring's only son, and Mrs. Loring, warned by declining health and warning years, has relinquished the responsible duties of her office, and devoted them to her children.

The merry and generous Kate Halsey is also a wife and mother, and from her home in a distant city, she frequently writes to Laura, pouring out, from the overflowing fullness of her heart, a gushing tide of joyous thoughts, and warm, genial feelings.

A Bachelor friend of ours is about getting married for no other reason than to have some one to care for him when he is sick. The treatment he received at a fashionable boarding house, when he last had the ague, has cured him not only of single life, but single beds and single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servant girl to bring him up some ground on Monday morning, which never reached him till the next Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him save the young gentleman who dusts the knives; and he came not for the purpose of administering consolation, but to inform him that 'Missus would be much obliged if Mr. Skeekies would do his shanking on a chair, so as not to get the bed apart.'

This was the feather that broke the back of Skeekies' bachelorship. From that moment he resolved to connect his fortunes with a piece of dimity. Who can blame him? No one who has ever passed a confirmed bachelorette through a fashionable boarding house.

A SINGLE CASE has just been tried at Nashville. Mr. A. L. P. Green gave W. Young, to whom he was indebted in the sum of \$1150, a check on Hobson & Wheelock, which read: 'Pay to Wm. Young, or bearer, eleven and fifty dollars.' There being no dot between the eleven and fifty, Hobson & Wheelock presumed the check was for eleven hundred and fifty dollars, and not having the cash on hand, gave Young a check for that amount on the Union Bank. Young, on drawing the money, knew that he had received too much, and consulted several friends to what he should do with it. One of them told him to deposit it with him for a few days, and if nothing was said, that he should keep it. The presumption is that this was done, as none of the money has been recovered. Suit however, was entered to recover it, when it was argued by the defense that as the law distinctly stated that the goods must be obtained with the intention at the time feloniously to steal them, the prisoner could not be found guilty, as he obtained the money without fraudulent or deceptive pretence. The Judge so charged; and also if Young had not formed the intention to steal the money, and was ignorant of the amount he was to receive, he should be acquitted. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Why is every body's pantaloons too short? Because their legs stick through two feet.

THE BAFFLED LAWYER.

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country by the sobriquet of 'Crazy Pat.'

Upon 'Crazy Pat' being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a 'point,' but he was excessively annoyed to find that 'Crazy Pat's' evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

'What did you say your name was?' he inquired flippantly.

Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—
'Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?'

'Romantic or not, sur, it would be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself, an' I lave me to chuse another.'

This caused a slight laugh in the court-room, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as to say, 'You have your match now.'

'And what did you say your trade was?' continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

'I'm a tanner, sur.'

'A tanner, eh! And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox-hide?'

'Well, sur, since it sames to be very important fur ye to know, it's myself that'll jist tell ye—that's intirely owin' to circumstances, intirely.'

'Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?'

'An ass? No, sur; but if you'll jist step down the lane, after the Court, I'll give ye physical demonstration that I cud tan the hide of ass in the shortest end of three minutes.'

The unexpected reply of the witness, brought forth roars of laughter, in which the Bench heartily joined; whilst the baffled attorney, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed 'Crazy Pat' that he was no longer required.

STUFF 'DIPPING.'—Of all the detestable, obnoxious, offensive, unnecessary and filthy imitations which dear woman is guilty of inheriting from fallen, depraved, corrupt and wicked man, that of snuff 'dipping' stands pre-eminent. How the second edition of an angel, the *ne plus ultra* of Heaven's best workmanship, the ideal of man, the diamond of song, the gem of prose and the crowning glory of humanity, can concentrate a tea or table-spoonful of a pulverized poison that would kill a hog, destroy a dog, and prove certain death to every living animal except a tobacco worm, is totally at variance with all philosophy, reason, scripture, taste and refinement, and utterly incomprehensible. We wish it were a dream; we wish it were a romance; we wish it were not so, but sad reality presents us the picture of an angel of beauty, with a heavenly smile, a rosy cheek, the eye of a gazelle, standing erect in her majesty, dazzling in her robe of silks and diamonds, her form reflected in a costly mirror, with a chinquapin stick nicely crumpled between her white fingers, with the end in a box of snuff, and regularly applying it to her shining, rosy lips and mellow tongue! Give us our hat, we must go.

SECRET OF MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Zschokke, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a bride: 'In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand an solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another secretly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill humor. Never, I say, never! Wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that, just! Next, promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth time when you draw it with you, you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. All if many a young pair, had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are.'

AN OLD BACHELOR'S EPITAPH.—A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid her some attention, so much that he was joked about her. He replied, 'he should look higher for a wife.' It came to the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together and to redeem her forfeit she was to make his epitaph: She gave the following:

Here lies one who looked so high
And they who look as high as he,
Declared his bride they would not be;
So swift went both he died a batch,
And now has gone to the old scratch.

A REBUTT.—A worthy man in this great metropolis recently visited a 'medium,' to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On inquiring if any spirits were present, he was answered by the raps in the affirmative.

'Who?'

'The spirit of Melinda, your deceased wife.'

'Ah!' exclaimed he, with a gesture of alarm; but recovering himself, he kindly inquired—

'Are you satisfied with your condition? Are you happy?'

'Perfectly so,' replied the spirit.

'So am I!' gruffly exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned upon his heel and walked off.—*Boston Journal.*

A MAN must feel proud while standing at the bar and turning down the pitiful compounds from 'glasses which drunks use.' But there is no aristocracy in the bar-room. The old bloater can get as drunk as his neighbor in broad cloth.

The Barber's Ghost.

The following story is an old, but a precious one. We laughed heartily over it a long time ago, and presuming many of our readers never heard it, we serve it up for their edification.

A gentleman traveling some years since, in the upper part of the State, called at a tavern, and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he as well as his horse were almost exhausted with traveling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room, some years before.

'Very well,' said the man, 'I'm not afraid of ghosts.'

After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord, how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted? The landlord replied, that shortly after he had retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying—

'Do you w-a-n-t to be s-h-a-v-e-d?'

'Well,' replied the man, 'if he comes, he may shave me.'

He then requested to be shown to the apartment; in going to which, he was conducted through a large room, where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then laid down but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes, he imagined he heard a voice, saying—

'Do you want to be shaved?'

He arose from his bed, and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent—after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under his window, projected so near the house, that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation—

'Do you w-a-n-t to be s-h-a-v-e-d?'

Having satisfied himself that his ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed and attempted to get asleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses, from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it around him, and taking the wash-basin in his hand, and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, stalked in exclaiming in a tremulous voice—

'Do you w-a-n-t to be shaved?'

Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion, in attempting to escape it, some jumping through the windows, and others tumbling head over heels down stairs. Our ghost, taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table, into the basin, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning, he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well; to which he replied in the affirmative.

'Well, no wonder,' said the landlord, 'for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us out of the room, and took away every dollar of our money.'

The guest, without the least suspicion, quietly ate his breakfast, and departed many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

A Remarkable Incident.

In a quiet village situated on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued his business or pleasure as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which it was whispered abroad, would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was called on by a minister, who inquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would increase the wildness and immorality of their village. 'I am afraid,' said the minister, 'your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker.'

The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, 'Yes, it will; that's just what I'll name my boat. I've been thinking what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called THE SABBATH BREAKER.'

As he said this he bid the minister good day, with a chuckle at his evident surprise and mortification. The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch, and was launched on Sunday, and named 'The Sabbath-breaker,' amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half-intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the way she struck the water, but the fully usual to such an owner hid his eyes to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion. She must go out on Sunday. A general invitation was given, and numbers crowded on board. On the steamer was floating the name in large letters, 'The Sabbath-breaker.' She was put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread as they read the name over them, sprang on shore; others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for a while. The timid felt reassured, and music and mirth began. But scarcely four hours had elapsed, when the boat was struck by a flaw of wind, which came suddenly upon them—Confusion reigned on board. Scarcely an effort was made. She keeled almost instantly over, and went to the bottom! But soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youths, had found a watery grave, and just above the surface of the lake floated the flag, bearing the inscription, 'Sabbath-breaker,' proclaiming to all the passers-by that there is a God in heaven who judgeth righteously.

California Christian Advocate.

A clear conscience is a wall of brass.